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THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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McCarthyism and 'The Great Fear'

Post-Modernism revisited
by Reyner Banham

Masefield in his time

Swift; Edmund Wilson;
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Marvell and his critics;
The Russian language now



Arabian haze: this picture of Scheherazade is from a book with two fronts, two backs, two beginnings and two ends. It can be read back to front and upside down, and is always the right way round—way up, Tint the TLS upside down and look again, this time at Scheherazade's elegant husband the Sultan Schaharid "Listening to a voice that lingers—Curious story—charming life...". The book is AHA; the reversible drawings are by Rex Whistler, the accompanying verses by his brother Laurence. They borrowed the idea from a rare seventeenth-century book called *The Church of Rome Evidently Proved Heretical*, which has a fold-out frontispiece of a two-faced Pope: smooth and smiling

one way, repellent and "evidently proved heretical" the other. In the late 1920s Rex Whistler began drawing his double faces for the famous Shell advertisements; these were collected in 1947, with verses by his brother, in a volume entitled OHO. An OHO is in AHA, with the addition of eight others from the 1930s. The dualism of the faces is reflected in the double vision of the introduction; at one end (or beginning) of AHA, one learns that "A soul view of mankind—this clearly, in the main, is what Rex Whistler took"; and at the other, "A cheerful notion of humanity—that on the whole is surely what Rex Whistler had". This gallery of opposite oppositions and opposite oppositions is published by John Murray at £2.95.

Commentary: Forgotten French art; English Interiors

The glory of defeat

By T. J. Binyon

CONSTANCE BABINGTON SMITH:
John Masefield
A Life
277pp. Oxford University Press.
£6.50.

JOHN MASEFIELD:
Selected Poems
Preface by John Burt Foster
328pp. Heinemann. £5.95.
The Sea Poems
115pp. Heinemann. £3.50.

"I thought it was long ago decided that I am like the donkey and the great auk, no longer known as a bird or a fish." This was John Masefield's comment, towards the end of his life, on his reputation as a poet. The centenary year of his birth, marked by the appearance of a biography and two books of his verse, seems an appropriate time to re-examine this melancholy classification.

Born in Ledbury, the son of a solicitor, Masefield was orphaned at thirteen, and was sent by an imperious aunt, who had taken charge of the family, to the training ship the Conway, moored in the Mersey. In *New China* (1944) he gives a humorous and charming account of his first term there. He left the Conway a few months before his sixteenth birthday and sailed from England on the four-masted barque the *Gilgrux*, bound for Iquique with a cargo of "parent fuel". The voyage was not a happy one; Masefield was tormented by seasickness and the harrowing

description in *Daughter* (1913) of a passage round the Horn is probably largely autobiographical. The experience seems to have decided him against making the sea his career.

He left the *Gilgrux* when she ducked, spent some time in hospital suffering from sun-stroke and a nervous breakdown, and was eventually shipped home as a distressed British Seaman. On his aunt's insistence he found another berth on a ship lying in New York; he sailed out to join her but deserted on arrival in America and after some months of vagrancy found work as a brewer's labourer in a Greenwich Village. This was followed by two years in a carter's factory in Yonkers—in *In the Mill* (1941), a memoir of that period, he describes how he alleviated boredom by setting himself questions on seamanship ("Falconer advises against the embroiling of the lee yard-arm. Are you of his opinion? Give reasons for and against this practice") and by building, in his mind, a great Merchant Service college in Liverpool, equipping and staffing it, and filling it with 500 or so boys. It was at this time, too, that he discovered, as he wrote, that "the law of my being... was to follow poetry, even if I died of it".

In 1897 he returned to England, first to work on a bank clerk, and then devoting himself entirely to literature. In the autumn of 1900, with some trepidation, he introduced himself to W. B. Yeats, the only living poet whose heart has not got the money-grubs, and who writes from sheer joy, much as a lark might sing. Soon he was regularly attending the Monday

evening gatherings in Yeats's rooms at 18 Woburn Buildings. Here he met J. M. Synge and "little Lawrence Binyon", who became a close friend and gave him much help and advice over the next few years. During this time Masefield was working intensely hard; as well as his own work he was writing articles and reviewing up to twenty novels a week for newspapers and periodicals. Yet he was also managing to do an immense amount of research on maritime history—his work resulted in two historical works, *Sea Life in Victorian Times* (1905) and *On the Spanish Main* (1906), and which later gave his historical novels their firm and convincing background.

He met and married a woman nearly twelve years older than himself, Constance de la Croyrie Cromwell, who had read mathematics at Newnham, and then taught at Rodean, Suffolk. Binyon appeared in 1902, Balford in 1903, and there followed, in rapid succession, four novels, three children's books, two plays two volumes of short stories, a book on Shakespeare and a pamphlet on women's suffrage.

His fame, however, dates from 1911. One evening in the May of that year, as he was crossing through a thin hedge of thorn trees from a field to a common near Great Hampden in Buckinghamshire, the idea of writing a poem about a blockhead who becomes converted suddenly burst upon him; a few months later *The Silverado* burst with equal suddenness upon the public. It was read, declaimed, interrupted and discussed with a sort of inflamed fever of controversy such as, in a case of poetry, I cannot in memory match. "I wrote Frank Swinnerton. These were long corrective poems—good, I thought, but bad," *The Duffell Fields* (1913), and one indifferent, *The Widow in the Bye Street* (1912)—followed quickly, and on the death of Alfred Austin in 1913 Masefield's name was being mentioned as a possible successor to the Laureateship. Masefield himself knew better: "I am at once too young, too rash, too naive, and too coarse, to be in the running."

During the First World War Masefield worked as an orderly in an army hospital in France, made two lecture tours in America, wrote a short book on the battle of the Somme, and another on the Dardanelles campaign. "Goliath" is a book to silence the critical faculty numb and hush the heart of the hearer," one critic wrote. After the war the creative surge that had produced the earlier narrative poems continued with *Reginald the Fox* (1919)—his story of a hunt—and *Right Royal* (1920)—that of a steepchase.

Though Masefield was to continue writing and publishing up to his death in 1967, the main interest of his life lies in the early years, and Miss Babington Smith acknowledges this when she compresses the rambling period into the final forty-five pages of her biography.

In 1919 the Masefields moved to Drury Hill, where the poet's interest in verse-speaking led to the establishment, in 1923, of the Oxford Recitations, which continued until 1929. In 1930 he was appointed Poet Laureate, and thereafter punctiliously produced verses to commemorate royal and state occasions—each poem, Miss Babington Smith notes, being dispatched to *The Times* accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for its return, should it prove unacceptable. In 1933, after Constance had undergone a severe illness, the family moved to Gloucestershire, and then, in 1939, to Clifton Hampden near Abingdon, where Constance died in 1960 at the age of ninety-three, followed by Masefield himself seven years later.

Miss Babington Smith has happily not chosen to build in the modern monumental style: her biography is a more modest, more civilized, more domestic, edifice, and Masefield's own condemnation of biographers—"They mark the height achieved, the main result, the end of the journey, the power of freedom in the

man's deeds. Not the high moments of the sprinkled seeds—has, through apt quotation and illuminating comment, been largely avoided.

Miss Babington Smith is a sympathetic, yet objective observer, and through her work shine out clearly those qualities of Masefield noted by Sir John Burt Foster in his introduction to the *Selected Poems*: his kindness, his goodness, above all his modesty. It is this last quality, apparent not only in his private every incident of his life but also in his autobiographical works, where he writes of himself with a curiously detached clarity, which must have made him, despite the wealth of material, an immensely difficult subject; made it well-nigh impossible, but ever to resolve the contrast between the poet, who, as Miss Babington Smith writes, built his life "on the rock of High Romance and Supreme Beauty", and the figure glimpsed by Maria Praz when he visited Bourne Hill in 1923: "a rather wooden-looking man, dressed a little like a porter in a Sunday", who nodded his head up and down "in the manner of a puppet machine" and said something or other, "It is true, but that something might have been said by anybody".

As a biographer, Miss Babington Smith quite rightly refrains from giving us a critical account of Masefield's work, but perhaps her self-restraint, in this respect, goes a little too far. It would certainly have been interesting to learn more about the growth and duration of Masefield's popularity. *Collected Poems* (1923), we are told, sold some 80,000 copies; *Sard Harker* (1924) and *Odino* (1926) almost as many. Presumably there was a falling-off in sales when and how did it occur? And though we learn of the rise of his reputation in critical opinion, we find little about his wit; when did he finally become a donkey or great one?

The simultaneous appearance of two selections of his verse suggests a belief that his overwriting has classified as a phenomenon. Two of his early poems, "Sun Fever" and "Cargoes", have, of course, never died; they have simply been done to death, but there are a number of better, less popular works in the first two collections of verse. The later short poems, especially those which are philosophical in subject, seem much less successful, and Masefield's reputation and his readers must be sustained by the four long narrative poems: *The Wanderer*, *Daughter*, *Reginald the Fox*, and *Right Royal*. Critics—even those most favourable to Masefield—have continually pointed to glaring faults in construction, diction, metre and rhyme; nevertheless, the four poems, more than redeem these flaws by possession of exalting force and splendour, which must carry all but the most cynical away. The three set in England offer, in addition, an intensely colourful and lively picture of country life.

The setting of *The Wanderer* is unequivocally Ledbury, but *Reginald the Fox* and *Right Royal* bring together bits of Herefordshire, Gloucestershire and Berkshire to form Taisbury, which, with its towns of Taischester and Taisbury, becomes the setting for many of Masefield's novels and poems: this connection between them, which forms part of their charm, is reinforced by the use of recurrent characters, who often take their names—Prampton Mansell, Charles Colville, Captains Maserden and Churnburne, Agatha, Lady Crownmarsh—from places in the counties from which they come.

It seems a pity that the opportunity has not been taken to reissue, together with Masefield's poems, some of his works—though Muriel Spark, in her *John Masefield* (1953), called attention to their merits. *The Midnight Folk* (1927) and *The Box of Delights* (1933), two superlative children's books, are probably the best known (and still in print). Also for children, and good in more conventional fashion, are the historical adventures *Martin Hyde* (1910) and *Jun* (1911), while *Long Earthquake*,

(1910) only narrowly fails to be a *Treasure Island*.

Of the adult novels the *Wanderer* and these which concern the life of a sailor—*Sea Life*, *Street of To-day* (1911), *Essex* (1913) and *The Square in the Square* (1917)—though the last contains a magnificently comic scene in a War Memorial committee of a small Tisbury town on the aesthetic value of some proposed designs.

Above these one would rank *The Wanderer* (1923), a novel based on the lovely Carrie Harbridge, three historical novels—*Basilissa* (1926) and *Conqueror* (1941), both set in Byzantium of Justinian, and *Essex* (1913), related by a Byzantine envoy in Anthony's Britain—and Masefield's last novel, *Captain Margaret* (1959), with an over-sonorous pilot here on the Spanish Main.

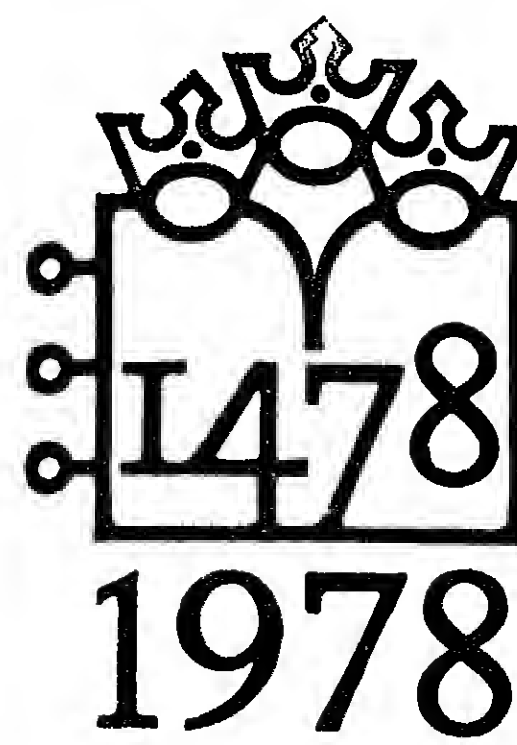
The best, all equally enjoyable, it would be difficult to name a favourite among them—*Sard Harker* (1924) and *Odino* (1926) are two of the best. *The Bird of Evening* (1933) and *Victorious Troy* (1935), two more see stories; *Sard Harker*, *Odino* and *The Taking of the Grey Wolf* (1937), three of adventure set in Santo Barbara, and the *Sea States*—a South American tale and *Dead Ned* (1938) with its continuation *Lives and Kicking Ned* (1939), in which Ned Masefield is hanged for a murder he has not committed for a few years, is well shipped on a slave to the West Coast of Africa.

Unlike the narrative poems, the best of the novels seem, within their own limits, almost perfect: the nautical detail is obviously peccable, and it is combined with fluent narrative, vivid dialogue, fine observations on period and place, and a poet's sense of occasion.

A recurrent image in Masefield's work is that of the fall and destruction of Troy, symbolizing the glory of high, though defeat, endeavour; this theme, together with that of the forlorn enterprise, the struggle against the odds, the old constantly embodied in his narratives: the fox against the pack and the hunt; Charles Colville on Right Royal, thirty lengths down on the field after falling at the second fence; Highworth in *Odino*, gallantly falling on his lone mission against the dragon of Santo Barbara; the Gallipoli campaign.

When Masefield arrived in Liverpool to join the Conway in the autumn of 1891, the first ship he saw on emerging from the Mersey was a splendid ship, "known by me to be splendid, though I knew nothing of ship or splendour." The *Wanderer*, later, he saw her being towed back into port after her first, disastrous voyage. Throughout his life Masefield was to offer him an image for beauty in defeat, and a poem which commemorates her passing contains lines which could stand as the romantic epigraph to all his work: "Mocked and deserted by the common man, / Made half-divine to me through having failed."

William Golding's *Some Critical Considerations*, edited by Jack Biles and Robert O. Evans (280pp. The University Press of Kentucky) is a collection of essays about Golding by both British and American academics. The book provides a different kind of approach to Golding. First, there are four essays (by David Anderson, Fred R. W. Wood, Charles Colville, and Philip Phillips) on Golding's Christian questions about Golding's Christianity, his "extratextual vision," and his use of language. Second, there are essays on individual works by Golding (including Peter the Hermit, Golding's only play, *The Butterfly*, and two essays on *The Spiral*). Third, there is an essay on the critical reception of Golding's best-known work, *Lord of the Flies*, by Maurice L. McCullin, which raises twenty-odd years' questions about Golding's work. Golding's *Some Critical Considerations* is a most useful compilation. William Golding's *Biography of Primary and Secondary Sources* is very



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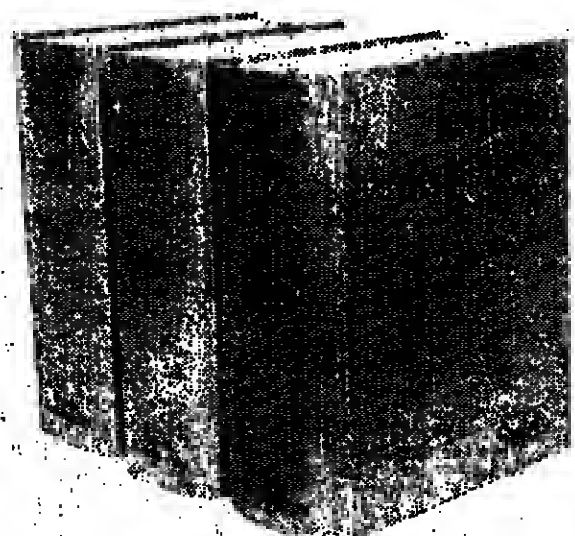
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Chronicles of the city

By Janet Adam Smith

DAVID DAICHES:
Edinburgh
271pp. Hamish Hamilton, £7.95.

Stevenson in Sanam, feeling himself back on the Pentlands, above the cottage at Swanton where he spent his happy days as a boy, made these lines:

The tropics vanish, and meadows that I
From Halkerside, from topmost Allermuir,
or steep Cae-kettin, dreaming gaze
Far sat in fields and woods, the town I see
Spring gallant from the shadows of her smoke,
Cragged, spired, and inviolate, her
Beflagged. About, on seaward, drooping hills,
New folds of city glitter. Last, the
Wheels emble waters set with sacred
And populous life smokes with a
centre of towns.

Two days before writing this review I stood on topmost Allermuir, not far from the artificial skirrit that now brings cheerful crowds to steep Cae-kettin and saw Edinburgh below, cragged, spired and inviolate. There were no shadows of smoke—in the crystal air the grain elevators of Leith and Granton, the industrial structures round Joppa and Portobello, stood out as clearly as Arthur's Seat or the Calton Hill, and were indeed easier to pick out than the Calton Hill in the middle distance. Over in Fife, beyond the bright water and the sacred isles, there was no smoke from populous towns to hide the two peaks of the Lomonds. Stevenson's remembered view could not take in the Forth Bridge, a monument to the power of the steam locomotive which he wrote his poem; my actual view took in two Forth Bridges, the columns and catenary curves of the road bridge, the long, light bridge above the railway bridge, and on the right the family of the Forth Bridge, the family of the Forth Bridge, the family of the Forth Bridge.

Somehow, David Daiches fits all this scene into his close-packed book, and shows us how the city which started as a huddle of buildings on a rocky ridge (as late as 1500 it occupied under 140 acres) grew into the fifty-three square miles of twentieth-century Edinburgh; lately, with regional reorganisation, augmented by motor fly with the help of Midlothian and West Lothian.

As a dedicated Stevensonian, Professor Daiches, must have been ever conscious of Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes, that highly personal and anecdotal evocation. At all events, he deliberately decided on a direct approach. Apart from a two-

page prologue, he has chosen to be impersonal, referring to himself (as we used to, in the old anonymous chronicles of the city) as "the present writer", and aiming to stand well back from a subject in which indeed his mind and heart are deeply involved. His role is to be the scribe of the city, its people, its institutions and activities, from the Romans to the present day; but when he wants colour or drama, or the tang of direct experience, he can call on collaborators in plenty. The quotations—with much from Dunbar, Fergusson, Boswell, Cockburn, Pictorial Notes—lighten the book and add to its pleasure. So do the pictures, over seventy of them: prints, portraits, and excellently chosen photographs.

I particularly liked one by Alan Daiches—the caption says "Antique shop", but the interest is in two figures of children who are quite unconcerned by the uniqueness in the window and very busy about their own affairs. One complaint: no photographs of that strange corner of the Old Town, Greyfriars churchyard, Alvin Langdon Coburn, Henry James's chosen photographer, for the New York edition of his Works took some remarkable ones there in 1905 and in 1950.

More obviously than many towns Edinburgh is shaped by its history. The defensive wall built round it after Flodden in expectation of an English invasion, limited its area for two centuries, though the population tripled.

The expanding population had nowhere to go but up, and "lands of up to ten or eleven stories high became a characteristic feature of the city, accumulating in a great variety of classes living, as it were, in a vertical street, with the most distinguished near the top. Among the results of this squeezing together were the easy convivility of the taverns and clubs; the filthy streets, with ships thrown from high windows; the ease with which plague could spread, and violence be practised, through the close wynds and narrow streets that led from one level to another. Travellers from abroad tended to praise the well-paved High Street, damn the dreadful smells, and chide in the wind. Defoe was struck by the solidity of Edinburgh: in spite of those winds there was 'No blowing of Tiles about the Streets, no knocking people on the head as they pass, no stacks of Chimneys and Gable-Ends of Houses falling in to bury the inhabitants in their Ruins, as we often find in London, and others of our Paper built Cities in England'. Looking at the words from the High Street, Defoe prophesically wondered whether, if the loch were filled in, the city might not extend upon the plain below in fine and beautiful streets.

How this actually came to pass is a story of ever-failing interest, with many a lesson for today; and Professor Daiches tells it well. Threats from England had concentrated the city; union with England encouraged its expansion. The loss of political power to London was offset by an increase in national sentiment and an outburst of cultural patriotism, whose manifestations included the 1752 propo-

sals of Gilbert Elliot of Minto (backed by Lord Provost Drummond) for extending and improving the city. "The planners and developers", says Professor Dalchoe, "were for the most part North Britons dedicated to the task of making Edinburgh a great British city to compensate for the loss of its position as capital of a separate kingdom of Scotland." The Town Council offered a prize for the best plan; James Craig won it in 1767. "Craig's plan was a perfect visual embodiment of those ideas of progress, prosperity, order and elegance that were represented by the Scottish Enlightenment; its object was to make the chief city of North Britain worthy of the reputation it was increasingly winning as a centre of intellectual excellence."

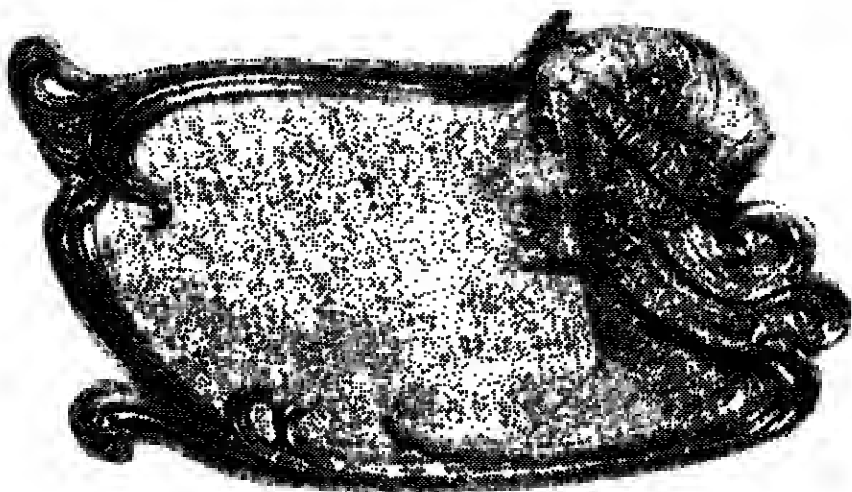
And so the plans were translated into the gracious streets and squares whose Hanoverian names—George, Frederick, Charlotte—opposed the down-to-earth names of the Old Town—Grassmarket, Cowgate, Netherbow, Canongate: standard English vernacular Scots, good

form and native energy. The juxtaposition of the Old and New Towns makes for a continuing drama, for each has managed—visibly, at any rate—to keep a good deal of its characteristic identity into the age of tower blocks and multiple stores. "Much of the surviving Old Town has been cleaned up and restored; the New Town has been zealously watched over and declining parts of it to the north of Heriot Row have been refurbished and restored to gentility."

But there is one historical area which has been deliberately destroyed. This is what Professor Dalchoe calls the first New Town and the Old Town some years before Craig's plan, and the streets round it. George Square is still there, but the David Hume Tower, and even their historic houses, what houses that remain: and the rest of the neighbourhood has been devastated in the interests of a grandiose plan for a university city.

Where once there flourished a locality of shops and small businesses, nearly a dozen public houses and hundreds of ordinary people, there exists now nothing but furrowed wasteland, a patchy asphalted carpet, and the Edinburgh University student health centre and refectory, one of the most barbaric of Edinburgh's concrete edifices.

So writes a contributor to the *Unsettling of Edinburgh*, a student publication, and when Professor Dalchoe contemplates the devastation, he becomes less the impersonal chronicler and more the passionate Edinburgh man. As a boy, he walked every day across the Meadows and through George Square to the University, and he cannot bear to see that authentic piece of Edinburgh mangled and destroyed. A few pages later he goes on to describe the University's "wide-ranging scholarly interests, and its international reputation"; this is George Square, and the rest of the University's fair-mindedness, but his writing is stronger when he allows his feelings to show through.



"Tête Byzantine" by E. Jochany, a cast metal mirror frame with a bronze finish. From Art Nouveau Sculpture by Alastair Duncan (1959, Academy Editions, Paperback, £4.95).

Stalkers and quarry

By Roger Fulford

DUFF HART-DAVIS:

Monarchs of the Glen
A History of Deer-Stalking in the Scottish Highlands
259pp. Capa, £7.95.

A serious reader was once being encouraged to read a trifling book and observed rather fiercely, "What I read are books of information". He was only following the sensible advice of Lord Chesterfield about trivial, futile books—flap, then away: they have no going to the first and over-riding virtue of Duff Hart-Davis's book is that it is packed with information on a subject about which many of us know little enough—though ignorance of the subject may not prevent some prattling about cruelty and some lamentations over sportsmen disturbing a little ramble on the Scottish hillsides. Did not the great Lord Bryce in his radical and mountaineering youth introduce into the House of Commons "The Access to Mountains"? Bill whistled, his opponents explained, really meant "The Destruction of Deer-Stalking". Bill or "The Indulgence to the Deer"? Most of the earlier books on stalking are based on personal experience; the reader knows what he is for when he picks up a book called "Wild Sport in the Hills" by an Old Stalker, or "Lays of the Deer Forest" by John Sobieski Stewart (Stuart perhaps?) or "Stalking Sketches" by a role of the present author. Too often such books—records of happy days of the past—throw wide the door to cranks and fanatics.

Monarchs of the Glen avoids such argumentative but tells us in a perfectly straightforward fashion what happened.

The deer originally inhabited the lowland forests and we must expect that, as the forests were felled to

make more room for the farmer, the deer might have vanished with the wolf. In fact, by an astonishing feat of adaptation, the deer abandoned the old life of hunter, and accustomed themselves to life on moor and mountain—certainly losing a little of their size and significance, and, as one of the illustrations in the book reminds us, always being liable to death from starvation or cold, but nevertheless enduring the blizzards of Scotland.

Probably one of the first stalks, or at any rate one of the earliest was made by Cluny Macpherson. He was a rather hesitant rebel in the early days of the '45 but in the end was to prove one of Prince Charles Edward's most faithful adherents. After Culloden he was in hiding on his estate for nine years, and before going to join the Prince in France in 1755 he expressed the wish to kill his last stag. The stalk was successful. In former times, before stalking was general, the deer were killed by a tincler, which meant that they were driven into a pre-arranged place on the hillside or into a glen, where a party with dogs was grouped for slaughter.

Evidently something on these lines was used in Germany in comparatively modern times. When Queen Victoria and the Prince were at Reinhardtstrasse, near Götting, in the 1840s they were treated to a stalk. A space was cleared in the forest and enclosed; the royal guns stood in a pavilion in the centre of the enclosure where the deer were driven. A fife band played amid the rocks of the glen so that the sounds must have resembled Handel's Firework Music. Thirty-one deer would be echoed to-day: "None of the gentlemen liked this business. Possibly she forgot that the Glenlivet Black Castle, shot a fat, domesticated stag out of the widow and doing so reduced the Prince's Royal to tears. The villa here should certainly have wanted the stag, but such a stag was never usual. Many years later five stags (not domesticated) appeared

outside Balmoral Castle at night. After putting a gun at the horn" the Prince thought them so beautiful that he let them go unbothered.

Ivor Brown, who wrote an excellent book about Balmoral, reminds us how some ardent Scots resented the Royal Family in Scotland and invented the word "Balmoralism" to imply the disparagement of the supposed patronizing habits of the English when they appeared north of the Border. But as Mr Hart-Davis says, there is no evidence that any Englishman became a stalker. Certainly the Prince was one. Certainly some of the visiting stalkers may have stirred the patriotic feelings of the Scot but in their wake stalkers brought the money for fat rents and large improvements. This is particularly true of Walter Scott, who bought Wynd on Loch Glens and built a lodge, with all the appointments of the 1880s, which stands today with its fittings intact after a century has passed. Then came a perfectly ghastly American called Walter Wilson; he wanted 20,000 acres and attacked the deer with the attention to detail of a German Army officer. On one occasion he dyed a white horse black, obtaining the dye from a London haledresser, so that the poor animal might be inconspicuous on the hillside.

But possibly the stalker who captures the imagination of the reader, even putting Landseer and the Prince in the shade, is Lady Breadalban, who died in 1832. She was gifted with a terrible squint and it was impossible to decide whether she was looking at her companion and even perhaps where her gun was aimed. She learnt Gaelic and, after an enjoyable party with one of the tenants of the Black Mount and a long day on the hill, she admitted that she had drunk even cups of tea. She once said that a stag was the least part of it all and that what she really appreciated was the immensity of nature among the hills. The author never allows his readers to see it this, essential truth, as we see it as a splendid book.

The writing on the walls

By Reynier Bauhaus

CHARLES A. JENCKS:
The Language of Post-Modern Architecture
199pp. Academy Editions, £5.95.

A new edition of *The Language of Post-Modern Architecture* is a book to see and hear the re-creation of architecture-fanciers who pick it up from your coffee table to observe the truth of this claim. The reason, clearly, is that it contains more and siller buildings (Hans Eitner's literally "cracked" jewel-shop in Vienna); some are the old buildings looking siller in new paintwork and trim (the Nishiki in Tokyo); some are old buildings rendered siller by being incorporated in the Jencks canon (High Point 2 by Lubetkin and Tecton) from which some siller buildings (solar heated tests by Steve Baur) have been carved to make room for some siller buildings such as some in Los Angeles bungalows mysteriously omitted from the first edition.

All this (and "much, much more") might well have added up to a kind of "Money Python's Architecture-Bok", were it not for Jencks's text, which is rarely silly, often witty, well-informed, perceptive, observant and usually well-learned—except for one inexplicable oversight that almost undermines the whole work and of which we later.

The text and the pictures are, in fact, closely and cogently related. Jencks knows what he is doing about style—unlike, say, Freud trying to explain humour. But then Freud did not invent jokes, whereas Post-Modern architecture—as a critical and historical category—is largely the invention of Jencks and his former associate George Baird.

Their mostly structuralist anthology *Meaning in Architecture*, published a decade ago, proposed that buildings could be read as "signs" more or less irrespective of the functions they served. This was at about the same time that Robert Venturi and Denise Scott-Brown were praising the casinos of Las Vegas because they had "signs" (illuminated and sign-strewn high) that were even structurally independent of the functional forms in which they alluded (the low and boring buildings containing the gaming rooms).

Form Follows Function was pulled apart in a matter of months, and Post-Modern architecture is what you have left when the nihilism is over.

The trouble with "Form Follows Function" as a programme was that you often finished up with a dumb building, if its functions were not worth discussing in public. The kind of "architecture-parade" demanded by Baird had, in its earlier historical phases, depended on conventionalised relationships between functional forms and decorative—what Sir John Summerson called "the Classical Language of Architecture".

But take away those unquestioned conventions and the result, in Jencks's post-modern world, is less an architecture that "speaks" than one which shouts, sniggers, blusters, mumbles and (by the look of things) occasionally makes obscene gestures at girls. And most of them deliver their utterances in as erudite and sniggering a manner as possible: the overall effect of the book is one of post-graduate weirdness pouncing around among the ruins of "that old modern architecture", miming fidelity with a Rome they haven't the courage to burn down.

But, as Jencks observes in passing, Post-modernists don't actually have the guts to be anti-modernists: "the post-modern architect... is indelibly schizophrenic: talented with a sensibility of modernism which he will not throw off, yet picking up eclectic fragments where he wants".

Post-modernism thus exists chiefly

as a series of smart graffiti on the bodies of fairly routine modern buildings. It is all outward show and could be removed, in many cases, without destroying the utility of the rather ordinary buildings behind the jangling façades.

Jencks discusses these works with entirely appropriate superficiality. He does not ask "are the rooms convenient, the windows well placed, the services adequate, the plan serviceable?" because that is not the point of his inquiry, and in most cases was not the point of the design in the first place. These are buildings meant to be read as buildings, not to be read as... period. The content of the reading and the contents of the building are rarely at issue, and almost no interiors at all are discussed, as Jencks himself points out. These are "silly" buildings like the "silly" buckles on the Ancient Mariner's deck—empty. (Let me add that I am as tickled by some of these concoctions as Jencks is; but don't ask me to treat them as architecture.)

The wily trouble with superficiality, however appropriate, is that it is catching, and infects areas where it is not appropriate. The book is well footnoted, but not well enough researched, and what seems mightily pyrotechnic about this fulling is that Jencks has so set himself up that this particular puffball is even more comic—and destructive—than it might have been. Ever careful to establish "who said it first" (usually himself) he has added to the new edition an appendix intended to establish a chronology of the use of the epithet "Post-Modern". Rightly he identifies "Hudnut 1949" and then goes on to "Pevsner 1966", observes that Pevsner meant something different by it—did Hudnut—and then hurries on to identify all the others who used it after "Jencks 1975".

But in his haste he has missed out extremely consequential usage before Pevsner: Architectural Forum, March 1964. The headline which appears on page 106 of that issue of the magazine reads "Pre-Columbian Art is a Post-

modern Museum". The building it describes is an extension to the Huntington Oaks in Washington, DC, a cluster of nine Byzantine domes larded with a sensibility of modernism as well as fragmentarily eclectic, and their designer was Philip Johnson.

It is clear from the number of times that Johnson appears in Jencks's text that he must be a central figure in the rise of Post-modernism, even though he is almost two generations older than the other Post-modernists. He has long been famous for his refusal to accept that Form Follows Function; most of the younger architects in the book would admit to being influenced by him and at least two—Robert Venturi and Richard Stern—have been protégés of his in some sense.

The best of the joke, however, is not only that Johnson is the first Post-modernist to have been called one, but he probably called himself that himself. The "Washington-Confidential" tone of the article on the Dunbarton Oaks Museum sounds like Warren Cox (a Forum correspondent of the time) but that title rings like Johnson himself. He is a great phrasemaker ("The Seren Cratches in

Modern Architecture" for instance), and has always been acutely conscious of what's new and what it's all about.

Jencks may have sensed this: almost the last illustration in the new edition of *Post-Modern Architecture*—and chronologically it must have been a very late entry—into Johnson's project for the new AT & T building on Madison Avenue in New York City: a conventional office block sandwiched between a Mussolini-Classical base and a Chippendale top. It is probably the most precisely calculated piece of architectural silliness since Strawberry Hill, as cynical about the present muddles of "intellectual" architecture as it is about the current condition of cynical conventional design; as cynical as only a wise, old and guardedly moral man can be.

It may well prove the tombstone of Post-Modernism; if Philip Johnson was also the movement's intellectual midwife, then it has been a rather different affair from the randomly pluralistic attempts to escape from the rigidities of "modern-as-taught-in-the-studio" that Jencks has offered in this book—especially its sprawling now "cram-it-in-if-it-looks-like-it" last chapter. But, then, the book too might have been a different affair if Jencks had done his homework.

Floor show

By P. J. R. Ford

JENNY HOUSEGO:

Tribal Rugs
180pp (148 photographs, 38 in colour). Scorpion Publications.
£7.50 (paperback £4.50; £8.50 and £4.95 from January 1).

Although Jenny Housego's *Tribal Rugs* is restricted to Persia it is the best little book on Oriental carpets for thirty years. Mrs Housego, who until recently was secretary of the Oriental Rug and Textile Society, has lived in Persia and visited the places and people of

which she writes. She has taken the trouble to find out at first hand about the rugs and how they are made rather than fill a book with pretty pictures and tribal names picked up in the Tehran bazaar or cribbed from other writers. And although her book is scholarly, she has avoided the pitfall of burdening the reader with strings of irrelevant names. The layman should find in *Tribal Rugs* a gateway to a new world: the expert will find that the carefully documented illustrations, including many photographs of rug makers by the author herself, will confirm or correct his own knowledge of a subject whose original material is fast disappearing. Scorpion Press are to be congratulated on the modest price.

Smith, William and William Webb. (Published by Daniel King)

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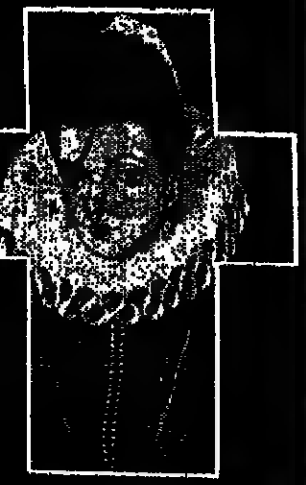
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£4.50

Michael Joseph



To the Editor

The Spanish Civil War

Sir,—I should have preferred to discuss Herbert Southworth's misrepresentations and inaccuracies regarding *The Grand Camouflage* and the French edition of my new book, *La Révolution espagnole*, in his first and now his second letter (October 13), as an unworthy of response. Yet, since these can serve only the interests of those forces in the world that derive sustenance and strength from historiographical distortion, I have no course but to reply.

In his attempt to downgrade *La Révolution espagnole*, Southworth claims that only 100 pages have been added. This is untrue. The French edition contains 564 pages, whereas its predecessor, *The Grand Camouflage*, comprised 350 pages, with fewer words per page. But why argue this silly point? It is the content, the truth, that disturbs him.

In the only matter where he may appear to raise a point of genuine substance, he asserts that I ignored the important work on Spanish gold by my friend, Angel Vinas. This, however, is also untrue: on page 179, note 65, I explain that Vinas's book reached me too late to make any changes in the French text. This does not apply to the American edition, to be published next month by the University of North Carolina Press (660 pages), in which Vinas's book and the manuscript of his new work on Spanish gold, which he made available to me, are given the careful attention they deserve.

Finally, I should perhaps reply to Southworth's objections to my use of the evidence of various former Spanish communists. He takes particular exception to Valentín González (El Campesino), the former communist military leader. I naturally examined the circumstances of the editing and publishing of González's work with the utmost care. I have therefore concluded that Southworth's objections amount to no more than an attempt to confuse the layman with editorial detail irrelevant to the authenticity of the material, that one can accept unreservedly everything that González, or any other alleged witness, says on particular matters—indeed, even in the French edition, as Southworth knows, I question the accuracy of González's account of the gold shipment from Madrid to

Carthage. But perhaps Mr Southworth's special animus against González is due to the following illuminating comment quoted in my book:

"I am not trying to excuse my mistakes, but I should like everyone to confess his own. If we Spanish communists were guilty of abuses and inequities and established our rule completely as we were on the point of doing so, it was because the others, with few exceptions, did not rise to the task. The communist parties [of the world] are strong in proportion as the other parties and trade union organizations are weak and vacillating and play their game. That was the lesson of Spain and that, today, is the lesson of Europe and the world. If they understand this lesson, they will save themselves, but if they do not, then they are lost."

Is this statement, I would ask, less accurate in any way than the content, the truth, that disturbs him.

491 Raquel Court, Los Altos, California 94022.

Sir,—Herbert Southworth's review of *Burnett Bolloten's* *The Spanish Civil War* (June 9), and now his letter (October 13) replying to Mr Bolloten's excessively mild retort, are a mine of specious special pleading of a type well known to readers of *Stalinist* apologetics. Fortunately, he shows the eleven holes so openly that few will be deceived when he attempts to revive the old comrad of Francoist inspiration in Barcelona, a charge believed even at the time only by those who also believed that Trotsky was a German agent. Indeed, the slander on POUM was part and parcel of the anti-Trotskyist falsification. Mr Southworth gives us "evidence" the fact that Franco claimed credit for the rising, the most that can be said against this, being that the "perlepe" "Francisco was overrating his case". Why not, in the absence of any other evidence, that he was bragging without any justification at all, as with many similar cases in history?

But in other contexts, Mr Southworth is very choosy about evidence. Everything written by ex-communists, but also by anyone so "connected" with Western organizations thought to have been involved in the "Cold War", is to be ruled out. Cold War here signifies,

as usual, the voicing of opinions in retelling of facts unpalatable to the Soviet leadership. Anyone who has been concerned with a broader view of the period knows that some defector material is false as all official Soviet and pro-Soviet material is false, when it comes to the disputed issues: any real historian must pick his way very carefully.

On the other hand, neither the opinions, nor even the imperfect character, of me or another witness in themselves refute his testimony. Nor are we to exclude those who may tend to put themselves in a better light than we might accept—in so as would be to disqualify virtually the entire human race. Mr Southworth's criterion, even if they were not so patently partisan, would enable him to exclude anyone he wished, on the basis of an insistence on immaculate certainties.

In fact, Mr Southworth's bugbears, Khrushchev and Orlov, whose range goes far further than the Spanish War, stand up very well to any critical test. Khrushchev (who died in 1941, and whose book came out in 1939—pre-Cold War, surely?) suffers from chronological muddle, but both survive unscathed any suggestion that naughty ideological connections relate the particulars of the stories they tell.

Mr Bolloten, naturally, with his massive and careful checks and counter-checks, survives more unscathed still, and is hardly to be faulted by such fondling plays as Mr Southworth's now rule that a writer must quote every book in his bibliography—yet another sign of his inability to understand what a history is for or about.

BURNETT BOLLOTEN
28 Shawfield Street, London SW3.

Hobbes

Sir,—I have taken to heart the very reasonable criticisms (while appreciating the kind words of commendation) in David Lloberman's review (November 9) of my little book on Hobbes. But I must disagree with him on the point that my concluding sentences imply "an abrupt rejection" of the approach of J. G. A. Pocock, S. I. Mintz, and Quentin Skinner. In fact I have a great respect for the work of all three and I take it for granted that their method of presenting the political thought of Hobbes in its historical context is proper and helpful. My concluding argument was simply meant to show that it is also legitimate to take a different view of the history of philosophy. I did not comment on their writings concerning Hobbes precisely because they undertake a task so different from mine. Part of my intention in these final sentences was indeed to defend philosophical treatments of classical thinkers against a criticism which Quentin Skinner made some time ago (he might want to qualify it now), but I was certainly not rejecting in my turn the strictly historical form of inquiry which he advocated.

D. D. RAPHAEL
Imperial College of Science and Technology, 53 Prince's Gate, London SW7 2PG.

Book Design

Sir,—I am not competent to deal with Hans Schmoller's ex-cathedra judgments of the annual Book Design and Production Exhibition at the National Book League in his article "The Machine versus the Eye" (October 20), but his bald statement that "there are no firm guidelines for the selectors" undermines my confidence in them. The selectors were given very firm criteria, which criteria were sent to all publishers submitting books.

MARTYN GOFF
The National Book League, 7 Albemarle Street, London W1X 4BB.

Patrick Modiano

Sir,—In his review of Patrick Modiano's *Les roses des bouquins* (October 27), John Weightman appears to suggest that the only connection between the real Occupation and Modiano's various roles of certain Jews, with whom he may have some family link. For the rest, he is said to have created "an atmosphere of chiaroscuro, in which the informer, the spy and the black-marketeer oscillate between cowardice and occasional audacity".

In fact, it is these very informers, spies and black-market-makers who have most clearly been drawn from historical counterparts in the *Actif* Group. He is, however, known as "Le Service de la rue Louristoun" (they operated from number 93) or "La bande Banny-Laffont". Curiously, he mentions this briefly in *Les Forêts* in his quiet, where he shows the Morle and associates, climbing up they do collaboration of the most vicious kind with profiteering, seems broadly inspired by historical originals. But Modiano's ethnic rag-bag of crooks, misfits and sadists, led by an ex-politician and an ex-criminal, who figure in both *La Route de nuit* and *Lucimbe Lucien*, correspond much more closely to Bonny, Laffont and friends, whose character and activities have been recorded—for those, like Modiano, too young to remember them—in, for instance, Robert Aron's *Histoire de l'Économie*.

I. H. WALKER
Department of French, University of Edinburgh, Buccleuch Place, Edinburgh EH8 9LW.

Frank Pick

Sir,—The V and A exhibition on Frank Pick's achievement for London Transport, reviewed by Celia Fox in your issue of October 27, has long been overdue. Sir Nikolaus Pevsner in his *Outline of European Architecture* singled him out as a modern equivalent of a Mies van der Rohe, and Lord Clark in his recent autobiography paid him a modest tribute as "too true to his golden" which is all too true. Pick was not only a paragon of style and design, but a man of wide cultural interests, opera and theatre in particular. His ideal of public service, inspired originally by William Morris, was not limited to efficiency but extended to the provision of a pleasant and beautiful environment. To quote from a letter he sent me from abroad in the early 1930s: "It is very well to say that I am very much interested in design, but I am more interested in the design of the environment, in which the informer, the spy and the black-marketeer oscillate between cowardice and occasional audacity".

In fact, it is these very informers, spies and black-market-makers who have most clearly been drawn from historical counterparts in the *Actif* Group. He is, however, known as "Le Service de la rue Louristoun" (they operated from number 93) or "La bande Banny-Laffont". Curiously, he mentions this briefly in *Les Forêts* in his quiet, where he shows the Morle and associates, climbing up they do collaboration of the most vicious kind with profiteering, seems broadly inspired by historical originals. But Modiano's ethnic rag-bag of crooks, misfits and sadists, led by an ex-politician and an ex-criminal, who figure in both *La Route de nuit* and *Lucimbe Lucien*, correspond much more closely to Bonny, Laffont and friends, whose character and activities have been recorded—for those, like Modiano, too young to remember them—in, for instance, Robert Aron's *Histoire de l'Économie*.

Let us have a better sense for purpose; it is time to let some fun into life.

In my book *Industrial Life in Britain* I devoted a chapter to Pick, but that was only on one side of his activities. It is to be hoped that this exhibition will inspire someone to undertake a Life worthy of the man, too easily dismissed by Churchill's impatient quip.

NOEL CARRINGTON
Lambourn, Berkshire.

Four words were inadvertently omitted from the penultimate sentence of Douglas Cooper's letter on paintings of Juan Gris (October 20). The sentence should have read: "They have all been examined by George Gonzalez, the son of the artist, and by D. H. Kahnweiler, who was Juan Gris's principal dealer." We regret my confusion that this error may have caused.

Fifty years on . . .

In the TLS of November 15, 1928, David Ogg reviewed *Walter Beloe's* *The Reformation*. Happened that the Reformation happened at all is, to Mr Beloe, a very real problem requiring a solution. In the preliminary pages we are warned against historians like Micholot, Thierry, Ranke, Carlyle and Macaulay, whose theories of the Reformation, because none of these writers knew the material with which they were dealing; we are reminded also of what we lost by the Reformation—the simple and sunny joyousness such as is reflected in the best work of Shakespeare, for the greatest of our dramatists was clearly "Catholic in habit of mind" and writing for "audiences in the same Catholic mood". We hear a somewhat sterner note when we are told that the neo-Catholics of the late nineteenth century, and those who are returning to the faith today are the product of "a mood not only sincere but strong, and only strong but hard, not only hard but well-armed". At last the main theme is stated: "The Reformation, the medieval Church was not really of this world; it was a focus of infinite forces which inevitably were threatened by a group of conscious forces of very nearly equal magnitude. Mr Beloe . . . practically admits that, just before the Reformation, the ship of the Church was in a seaworthy condition and was handled by a crew some of whom were not really seamen at all."

Among this week's contributors

- JANET ADAM SMITH is the author of *Life Among the Scots* and the editor of *Svensson's* Collected Poems.
- ROBERT M. ADAMS's most recent book is *Bud Mouth: Fugitive Papers on the Dark Side*, 1978.
- REYNOLD BANHAM's books include *Los Angeles: The Architecture of Four Ecologies*, 1971, and *The Age of the Masters*, 1975.
- T. J. BRYNOR is a Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford.
- ANITA BECKNER is the author of *The Genius of the Future: Studies in French Art Criticism*, 1971, and *Greuze*, 1972.
- ALASTAIR FOWLER's most recent book is *Concise Thought*, 1975.
- ROGER FULFORD's books include *The Trial of Queen Caroline and Samuel Whitbread 1764-1815*, 1967.
- DENYS HAY's *Audubon and His World* was published this year.
- MAX HAYWARD has translated many contemporary Russian works, including *Nedzheda Mandelstam's Hope Against Hope and Hope Deferred*.
- ELSPETH HUXLEY's books include *Livingstone and his African Journeys*, 1974, and *Scout of the African*, 1977.
- JONATHAN ISRAEL is a Lecturer in History at University College, London.
- J. P. KENYON's latest book is *Revolution Principles*, 1977.
- S. G. E. LYTHER is Professor of Economic History at the University of Strathclyde, Glasgow, from 1963 to 1976.
- ALAN PATON is the author of *Apartheid and the Archbishop: the Life and Times of Geoffrey Chapman, Archbishop of Cape Town, 1974*, and *Knocking on the Door*, 1975.
- CLIVE T. PROBYN edited *The Art of Jonathan Swift*, 1978.
- C. J. RAWSON's books include *Collyer and the Gentle Reader*, 1975.
- JOHN RUSSELL's books include *Henry Moore*, 1968, and *Francis Bacon*, 1971.
- KATH SINCLAIR's books include *A History of New Zealand*, 1959, and *Walter Nash*, 1977.
- C. E. SASSON's *The Abolition of Literature: Collected Essays* was published last month.
- JONATHAN STEINBERG's *Why Switzerland?* appeared in 1976.
- JUL STEPHENSON is the author of *Women in Nazi Society*, 1975.
- EDNA TENNANT's latest novel, *The Sister*, was published earlier this year.
- ANTHONY THIRATTE's most recent book of poems is *A Portion for Poets*, 1977.
- RICHARD USORNE is the author of *Wodehouse at Work in the End*, 1977.
- C. V. WERNWOOD's most recent book is *The Political Career of Robert*, 1975.
- DENNIS WRONG's *Poetry: Its Form, Basis and Uses* is due to be published by Basil Blackwell next spring.

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In pursuit of Marvell

By J. P. Kenyon

Most people would regard "To his Coy Mistress" as his best poem, indeed one of the best poems of his kind in English; but we have in Milton in whom it was addressed and when.

Indeed his life is virtually a blank from birth to at least the age of thirty. Of his youth in Hull nothing survives but conjecture; we assume he went to Hull Grammar School, but we do not know. Similarly with his career at Cambridge; all we have is a sprinkling of official entries in the records of Trinity College and two formal exercises in Latin and Greek in honour of the new-born Princess Mary. After the age of thirty it is the same. He left Cambridge on his father's death in 1641. In 1651 he entered the service of Lord Fairfax at Nun Appleton; for the crucial period in between we have only wisps of evidence. We have it on the authority of Milton that he spent four years in Holland, France, Spain and Italy, but Milton was writing in 1653 about a man he then scarcely knew. Three isolated pieces of evidence confirm his presence in Spain and in Rome, but we do not know when he went nor when he came back, nor if he took any part at all in the Civil Wars. He was presumably back in London by 1649, when he published elegies on Lord Francis Villiers and Lord

even that he enjoyed a huge inheritance from a mysterious benefactor, and though this has long been disproved its effect still lingers. Everyone knows that Marvell was tutor to Mary Fairfax, 1651-53, but few stop to inquire what a highly educated man in his thirties was doing in such menial posts, or, far that matter, what he was doing campaigning for a 1200-year post as an Under-Secretary in the Foreign Office.

With the Restoration his position, ironically, improved; he received 6s 6d a day from the Corporation of Hull during parliamentary sessions (though these were neither elections nor frequent under Charles II), and he also invested what spare money he had in the merchant company of Northampton, both of whose partners were Yorkshire-based relations by marriage. However, when Northampton Thompson went bankrupt in 1676 there is no doubt that Marvell was hard hit, and it seems that he ended his life in conditions of some penury and financial confusion. This chimes in with various heavy myths of the eighteenth century which portray Wordsworth as a disinterested patriot for instance, chewing heroically on a gristly log of mutton while refusing tempting bribes from Lord Tree-

allow to have excelled in. Most of them seem to have been the effect of a lively genius, and mostly sense, but at the same time seem to want that correctness he was capable of making.

Instead Conke praised his political and religious satires, in verse and prose, and made the most of Marvell's record as an opposition spokesman, which was, and is, very sparsely documented indeed. He likened him to Aristides the Just. Professor Donna shows how this assessment was achieved, and even plagiarized down the eighteenth century by a host of other critics and commentators. Her technique savours of saturation bombing, and many of her printed extracts lack any intrinsic merit, but she is wonderfully successful in building up a picture of an ongoing tradition, and this makes it easier to understand Wordsworth's famous sonnet XV of 1807, linking Marvell with Milton, Harrington, Algernon Sidney and Sir Henry Vane. The sonnet itself gave his reputation a further boost.

Of course, Marvell's poetry was by no means entirely ignored; Wordsworth admired the "Horatian Ode", and copied it into his notebook, and he might have enjoyed greater appreciation if his work

case, but it was one of Tennyson's favourite poems. Nevertheless, it was perhaps this element of badly which decelerated Marvell's rise to prominence, though his poetry was now becoming increasingly well known. The first full edition of his works with any pretensions to scholarship was published by A. H. Gransart in 1873, but it so disturbed W. D. Christie that he reviewed it twice, denouncing the political satires as containing "a lexicon of filth", an "extreme grossness and unmitigated filth", against which he felt it necessary to warn "fathers of families".

Yet a selection of his poems was published in such best-selling popular series as "The Muses' Library" (1822) and "The Little Library" (1904), and Professor Donna cautions: "against the popular belief that T. S. Eliot's celebrated essay in the TLS in 1921 resurrected a poet whose reputation was dead; in fact, she mercilessly exposes the derivation of most of Eliot's key points from criticism already published over the previous twenty years. Eliot merely provided the impetus to a movement already in being, and set a style for the muted examination of Marvell's verse. This has produced a drastic upwards reevaluation, though it is now possible to argue that if Marvell had produced more he would merit less attention. Certainly if we know more about him his poems would not have to be squeezed so drastically to extract the last lingering inference.

Anoel M. Patterson's new book is a prime example of the squeeze technique at work. She begins with a bit of windmilling, affecting to be shocked at any division of Marvell's poetry into three distinct modes, lyrical, political and satirical. To my innocence I am surprised to find that such a division has been made—though nothing is impossible in the field of literary criticism—and I would certainly deny that the rhetorical title of Pierre Legouis's standard biography, *Andrew Marvell: poet, patriot, patriot*, implies it. On the other hand, no modern literary critic, anxious to show about the procrustean task of fitting all of Marvell's works into one neat scheme, seems to make allowance for the natural development of a creative artist from youth to old age, nor for a natural disposition on the part of poets to write sometimes just for fun. We make a distinction between the young and the old Wordsworth, and we are not dissatisfied that the output of "The Hollow Man" should also produce *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*. We have to acknowledge similar distinctions and translations in Marvell.

To me it is obvious that Marvell wrote two kinds of verse, political and private, and the private, that poems and the post-1660 satires fit easily enough into one genre. Ten years ago in *Destiny's Choice*, John M. Wallace argued that the common theme of all this work was "joyalism", of a specialized kind. That book was not without its faults, but it was almost unique in displaying an equal grasp of literature and politics, and its thesis still stands. Dr Patterson's book led me to suppose that she intended to challenge Wallace, but she is content to chide him on minor points, and the relevance of the title, taken from Marvell's poem to Richard Lovelace in 1645—our Civil Wars have lost the Clitke Crown—remains obscure. In fact, it is uncertain altogether what the purpose of her book is; the introduction is pushing, there is no conclusion, and the blurb, commonly the last resource of baffled reviewers, is for once as misleading as the book it attempts to describe.

What Dr Patterson seems to be arguing is that Marvell's political works display a kind of basic characteristics to his lyrics or occasional poems. Again, in my innocence I would have thought it strange if they did not; on the other hand, I do not agree with statements like "The First Anniversary of the Government under O.C. gains both point and security by being read in the same critical context as the *Picure of Little T.C. in a Prospect of Flowers*". Certainly, these poems "represent not two exclusive 'masks' of the poet's experience, but two oppor-



"The Ringdove and the Fowler"—an illustration by Francis Barlow for Asen's *Fables* (1666). Barlow (1636?-1704) was a leading printer of birds and animals: John Evelyn's *Diary* for February 16, 1656, records going "to see Barlow the famous Painter of fowls Beasts & Birds". Edward Hodnett's *Trends* (1937) pp. 237-238, *Scottish Press*, £17.50) is subtitled "First Master of English Book Illustration". The ground that he was the first English illustrator to introduce "a naturalistic treatment of characters within their environment"; animals and humans are depicted in nature, and examples such as the above combine illustration with a record of sporting practice. Barlow's reputation as an illustrator rests on two major series of plates: his illustrations for Theophile, a long religious poem by Edward Bonlowe (1662) and for Asen's *Fables* (a second edition of 1667) had complete by Aphra Behn beneath the plates). Dr Hodnett's attractive monograph, from which this picture is taken, is the first substantial study of "the father of English book illustration".

Harry Hastings and a prefatory poem for Richard Lovelace's *Lucasta*.

The catalogue of the British Library's seventeenth-century exhibition, a judicious and carefully illustrated survey of Marvell's career, now offers a few further scraps of information. Two newly discovered documents show that he was living in Clerkenwell in February, 1644, perhaps working in some capacity for the Yorkshire magnate Sir William Savile of Thornhill. Another document shows that in November, 1647, he was disposing of an estate at Meldreth, his father's birthplace in Cambridgeshire. This narrows down the period during which he was abroad, and to some extent confirms our conjecture that he was financially embarrassed, then and later. Corrupt eighteenth-century sources have it that Marvell was in easy domestic ease,

gayer Dooby—but it makes Marvell's life-style less easy, not easier, to understand. Why did he publish so little; why did he not try to earn more money by his pen?

As it was, despite the publication of most of his poetry in 1811, and the rest in 1876, his reputation through the eighteenth century and into the second half of the nineteenth did not as a poet at all but as a bold, even heroic politician, one of a small minority of incorruptible patriots who had dared withstand the dispolite tyranny of Charles II. In fact, his reputation fluctuated in a very wide range of the Merry Monarch, Thomas Cooke, who published a new edition of his works in 1726, set the scene. He admitted that:

There are few of his poems which have not something pleading in them, and some he must be

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Selling battleships

By Jonathan Steinberg

WILHELM DEIST:
Flottenpolitik und Flottenpropaganda
Das Nachrichtenbureau des Reichsmarineministers 1937-1944
344pp. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt. DM49.

Historians of Wilhelmine Germany have begun to agree with each other in a way which would have been unthinkable fifteen years ago. Two large assumptions apparently unite all of us who work on late nineteenth-century German political history: first, that as a political structure Bismarck's Reich did not "work" and, second, that as a result of the increasingly evident failure of the political machinery to funnel the forces thrown up by rapid economic growth into conventional political channels, politics took to the streets. For convenience, we have come to use two terms to sum up the two assumptions: the *Dauerkrisis* (the permanent crisis) and the *Massenbewegung* (the mass movement). Much controversy surrounds both terms, but at least we agree roughly what it is that we are arguing about. Among historians, that comes as close to a general consensus of opinion as is possible and probably means that we shall all be found hopelessly wrong by the next wave of new thinking.

Wilhelm Deist, senior research officer in the Military Historical Institute of Freiburg in Breisgau, adds a great deal of detailed information to the debate about the second of the two themes. He starts off by accepting, perhaps, a bit too uncritically, the contemporary agreement on the *Dauerkrisis* and then proceeds to show how one agency of the Imperial executive, the Reichsmarineministerium (Imperial Naval Office) under Admiral Tirpitz, began to bypass the Bismarckian constitutional arrangements in the first full-scale onslaught on public opinion ever carried out under the Kaisers. Tirpitz wanted to build a fleet to challenge the British monopoly of sea power. To do so, he needed to coerce an unwilling par-

liament into voting and paying for that fleet. In the process, he reached out in an attempt to organize what his clever second-in-command on the media front called *eine Bewegung* (a movement). In June 1937, two days after Tirpitz received his seals of office from Kaiser Wilhelm II, he set up an "Office for news media and parliamentary affairs", the *Nachrichtenbureau*. This office, its chiefs, its successes and failures make up the central theme of Dr Deist's biography. He has used the huge archive of the Imperial German Navy which is now housed in Freiburg in good effect and writes a lean, jargon-free prose. He has a shrewd eye for the tell-tale small items and incidents which clinch his evidence and which carry.

The smart young officers who began to market the idea of a great fleet in 1937 certainly succeeded in their sales campaign. Within two years, two major pieces of naval legislation passed the Reichstag and the great flotilla, most of which now belong to Scapa Flow, began to grow. Yet, it is not clear that they succeeded in converting the German masses to "navalism" as such. As Dr Deist notes in an interesting aside, they were caught in a typical Wilhelmian dilemma. On the one hand, they were German officers with a code of honour and a deep respect for *gesellige Nachrichten*, roughly "solid news", that is, they drew the line at real mass manipulation; on the other hand, they manipulated so well that they called into being mass organizations whose plebeian and democratic tendencies threatened to undermine the hybrid, quasi-feudal, rickety, imperial monarchy which they hoped to prop up. Hence, Dr Deist devotes a very large portion of his book to the relations between the Reichsmarineministerium, the Nachrichtenbureau and the Flottenverein, the unruly, domineering mass movement, which the great arms manufacturers founded at the navy's behest but which by 1905 had become a juggernaut with momentum of its own.

Deist writes as if the Imperial Navy's enemy was the Flottenverein, rather than the Royal Navy. Where that happens, he narrows the issues to purely domestic German considerations and does less than justice to Tirpitz, the navy and the complexities of the arms

race. This narrowness stands out starkly in his treatment of the whole "we want eight cruisers" or on the German side, the Novelle of 1908. In thirty-seven pages of detailed analysis, he mentions neither the international, diplomatic elements in Tirpitz's acceleration of the annual rate of capital ship construction from three to four, nor the equally significant role of the economic depression of 1907. Dr Deist puts into a single footnote the "acceleration panic" of 1908-09, when the Admiralty became convinced that the Germans were building in secret and Tirpitz found himself at the centre of the worst storm of publicity in his long career.

His treatment of domestic matters is, on the other hand, subtle and often original. I particularly liked the way he developed the conflict between the new naval leadership who wanted to see "left-liberal" mass support for a progressive regime and the accompanying desire for naval propaganda, and those who wanted a reactionary strategy, *Sammlungspolitik*, an alliance of the "haves" of late nineteenth-century society against the "have-nots", especially the growing number of organized Social Democrats. Dr Deist draws an interesting picture of the way big business and rabid nationalism combined in the Flottenverein to make it harder for the navy to carry its programme. The strident non-Germanic tones of the Flottenverein offended the South German and the Catholic Centre Party, both of which had an important part to play in the parliamentary success of naval legislation. Ultimately Tirpitz and his *Nachrichtenbureau* failed. By 1908-09, Tirpitz and his assistants were caught in the grip of forces which they could neither win nor afford to lose and a seizing up of the domestic political machinery in a massive financial crisis. The *Nachrichtenbureau*, after its heavy successes in 1898 and 1900, declined in importance and independence as the administrative symbol of the decline of the validity of Tirpitz's entire strategic conception. Dr Deist's firm and sensible monograph fits a missing piece in the larger puzzle into its proper place.

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The preferred candidate will have a good working knowledge on modern systems of information handling and be sensitive to the needs of technical and commercial users in a dynamic business situation. He/she should have a degree or a considerable experience of scientific information work. Commercial experience and qualifications in information science would be considered advantageous. The candidate should preferably be in the age range 30-40 years.

The job holder will be expected to manage the 20 staff of the Intelligence Section. Their activities comprise a library facility and reports file, and a specialised intelligence service serving both technical and commercial sides of the Division's business.

The Division is currently spending £1.3 million in the construction of an information Centre which will enable the job holder to expand the role of the Section in the Intelligence and Training activities of the Division.

The Company operates house purchase, profit sharing and contributory pension schemes and offers financial assistance towards removal expenses.

Applications, giving age, qualifications and experience to:

M.A.J.W. Pegg
Personnel Department
Imperial Chemical Industries Limited
Agricultural Division, P.O. Box 1
Sittingbourne, Cleveland TS23 1LB

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT
LIBRARIES DIVISION

ASSISTANT BOROUGH LIBRARIAN LIBRARY SERVICES

£5,700-£7,010 inclusive per annum
Residential car user's allowance
This is a new and challenging second-tier post, arising out of a reorganised senior structure in one of the busiest and most progressive library systems in the country. The post demands a well-qualified librarian with good management experience, committed to making the public library service in Sutton more efficient and relevant to the needs of the 1980s. Application forms and further details obtainable from Borough Librarian, Central Library, St Nicholas Way, Sutton, Surrey SM1 1EA. Tel: 01-881 5028. Closing date 5 December 1978.

LONDON BOROUGH OF

SUTTON

WARWICKSHIRE
COUNTY LIBRARY
SENIOR ASSISTANT
LIBRARIAN

BEDWORTH LIBRARY

Librarians' Scale £2,511-£3,834 + £312 salary supplement (Duellified Librarians start at £2,987).

Applications for the above post are invited from qualified or Chartered Librarians. Further details may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library, The Butts, Warwick CV34 4SS, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

Applications, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should reach the above address by 4th December, 1978.

LONDON BOROUGH OF ENFIELD

Senior
Assistant
Librarians

£4,017-£4,431

Chartered Librarians are required for these interesting posts in the Lending and Junior Departments. For both posts an unsocial hours payment is made for Saturday duties.

Enfield is a progressive inner London Borough offering pleasant living conditions close to the centre of London and to open countryside.

Informal inquiries to 01-366 2244, ext. 33. For an application form please send an a.s.c. to the Borough Librarian and Cultural Officer, Central Library, Cecil Road, Enfield EN2 6TW. Closing date, 1st December, 1978. Please quote reference SAL/149.

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF
Rochdale
LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

(2 posts—Rochdale and Middleton Area)

Librarians Scale £2,823/£3,651/£4,148

To provide professional assistance in the running of the Area Library particularly in the Area Junior Library.

Application forms available (by quoting Ref. No. C.145) from the Chief Personnel Officer, 166 Drake Street, Rochdale, OL16 1XG, to whom they should be returned by December 1, 1978.

LIBRARY ASSISTANT/TYPIST

Regulated to work in the IEE INSPEC Library. Applicants should have obtained GCE 'O' levels including English and be able to type accurately. Formal library qualifications are not required and although previous office experience would be an advantage, this is not essential.

The successful applicant will be offered a competitive salary according to age and experience and our benefits include three weeks' annual leave rising to four weeks after one year's experience, an excellent subsidised club restaurant, season ticket loan after six months, a 35 hour flexible working week and we are located close to Charing Cross.

Please telephone Diane Austin on 01-839 9359 for an application form and further information: THE INSTITUTION OF ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS Savoy Place, London WC2.

Royal County of BERKSHIRE

ASSISTANT SCHOOLS LIBRARIAN

Education Library Resource Service

£2,823 to £4,148

Qualified Librarian for the above post, which relates particularly to services to primary schools, and is based in Reading. Approximately two-thirds of the year's programme is occupied in mobile library service. Further details and application form from The County Librarian, Abbey Mill House, Abbey Square, Reading RG1 3BH. (Tel. Reading 55897, ext. 119). Closing date December 1.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, GALWAY, IRELAND

PROFESSORSHIP OF SPANISH

Applications are invited for the above statutory post. Salary scale: £9,406 (£8) to £11,056. Closing date for receipt of applications, December 15, 1978. Further information may be obtained from the Registrar.

The female front

By Jill Stephenson

LEILA J. RUPP:
Mobilizing Women for War
German and American Propaganda
243pp. Princeton University Press. \$8.40.

Here is a taster: who said that "women at first lost and always mothers, and will so continue"? A minister of the Christian religion? Some Nazi bigwig? Or a benighted male chauvinist pig from almost anywhere? The answer is, none of them. It was the American feminist Charlotte Perkins Gilman. The words of even relatively "liberated" women—to say nothing of those much less enlightened—in the United States in the 1930s, coincided to a remarkable degree with those of Germany's Nazi rulers. Leila Rupp feels a visible discomfort at propagating this discovery, but like it or not, opposite comparisons keep rising from her head. The public or popular images of women in pre-war and wartime society in Germany and the United States which Professor Rupp describes are uncannily similar, with the idealization of a model type who in both cases is unequivocally white, middle-class, married and focused. "Just as Nazi ideology denigrated or ignored non-Aryan women or opponents of the regime in describing the ideal woman, so the American image excluded non-white, non-Americanized, and, poor, or working-class women," she says. Before the days of television advertisements, then, both countries propagated an image of women which, while it did not actually depict women who would look remarkably familiar to the dedicated box-watcher of the 1970s.

Leila Rupp's main concern is

with how this "ideal" image was adopted to the demands of the war economy, and she shows convincingly that in the United States, where civilian conscription was never introduced to the general public, response to official appeals to leave the kitchen sink for the factory bench was overwhelmingly greater than in "totalitarian" Nazi Germany, where a compulsory system of labour conscription existed on paper ever since 1939. In this context, Madison Avenue was obviously much more skilled in propaganda techniques than that legendary expert, Dr Goebbels. Professor Rupp is perhaps too embroiled in "public images" of "sex roles" to draw all the conclusions which her interesting material provides. She mentions that "the tone of much of the American mobilization propaganda directed at women was much less serious than the German", but she might have gone on to state what her periodical and pamphlet sources indicate: that the Germans had no conception of the panache and immediacy of the kind of appeal used by the Americans. There is no Nazi slogan to touch "I'll be the River, Sister". But in any case, is it not possible that German women had already been immunized against propaganda appeals through the rhetorical techniques of the years 1933-35? As Leila Rupp points out, however, the Nazis launched for less of a propaganda offensive to get women into war work than the Americans. No doubt this was because of a catch 22 of the German Government's own making. From the start, they insisted that women were everywhere stepping into the breach to replace men called up for active service; this was a travesty of the truth, but it was a useful device for them to claim later that German women were working. There are weaknesses here. Particularly towards the end, the mate-

rial becomes repetitious. The way in which the American Government preached equal pay but practised discrimination is repeatedly referred to but not clarified. It is not helpful to have the mass of German housewives dubbed "Nazi women". Comparative graphs and tables would have been of far greater use had they been set out on adjacent pages. There is a very few instances of misleading reference to there being "few goods to buy in Germany as the war went on" which at the very least suggests underuse of sources cited in the bibliography. These shortcomings, however, seem to be less the result of Leila Rupp's ignorance—for she is clearly well informed and obviously has an incisive intellect—than of her attachment to her chosen framework of the "public images" of women, a framework which ultimately looks suspiciously like a straw jacket. She has to slavishly expound here, and, accuracy over information there because she must repeatedly return to her model of the "ideal" type of woman, as the American public saw her on the one hand and of the Nazi leadership promoted her on the other. This leads on to the somewhat lame conclusion that "societies to times of war accept changes normally considered undesirable on a permanent basis, which will come as little surprise to most readers."

Perhaps I overstate this case because I am disappointed that a lively, entertaining, well-researched and valuable contribution to the history of the "home fronts" in the United States and Germany is marred at a number of points by such insistence on obscuring the reality of propaganda—holding an artificial facade of "sex role" analysis which will, no doubt, command itself to "women's studies" courses but comes dangerously close to vitiating the value of a sound piece of historical writing.

